

# Sounds Like Sunday

## Mineral

Time doesn't always heal  
It just breathes and swallows memories  
Like the seasons change -  
Sending showers; beating flowers  
Into the mud.  
And nothing is forever in this place.  
Nothing but the way my heart fits in your hands;  
The held breath of hope;  
And the sweet lingering taste of grace.  
How blessed we are for crying now,  
For we will laugh someday...and how

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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